

CHARIVARIA.

A VICAR writes to the Editor of *The Express* to inform him that, to avoid the danger of a cold after christening, he always uses tepid water in the winter. But what we would like to know is this: Is there any reason why, throughout the year, the choice, "Hot or cold?" should not be put to the infant?

There arrived in London last week two young Venetian blacksmiths who have undertaken to prove that it is possible to push a barrel round the world within twelve years. It seems incredible that one should have had to wait so long for this problem to be tested.

An interesting experiment is to be made in Paris. Two mounted Municipal Guards are to be stationed in the Rue de la Paix, and will endeavour to direct the traffic there. We fear that unless they are backed up by artillery the experiment is doomed to failure.

With reference to the farthing fares which are about to be instituted on one of our tramway systems, we are informed that it is not proposed at present to carry children at half-price.

The news that one of the polar snow caps of Mars is now broken in half leads one to suppose that the Martians also have their COOK and PEARY, and that the dispute has been solved in a sensible and equitable way.

By-the-by, Dr. Cook is now reported to have suddenly disappeared, and his whereabouts is a matter of speculation. All we will say at present is this: Do not be surprised if you hear within the next fortnight that the South Pole has been reached.

Willesden's old police-court is to be converted into a music-hall. This is following the example of the higher courts, which are sometimes turned into theatres.

Bones of a mammoth and of a species of rhinoceros have been found at Hackney Wick, and many nervous old ladies are leaving the neighbourhood, while others make a point now of searching under their beds every night.

"FORTUNES IN EGGS," the title of an article in a contemporary, is perhaps an exaggeration, but the persevering prospector may sometimes find a chicken in one.

"It is estimated," we read, "that there are half a million fewer pigs in the United Kingdom to-day than there



Mrs. Jones (convulsed by the Vicar's comic song). "DEARY ME! I'M SURE 'E'S A WONDERFUL MAN FOR A PARSON. NOBUDDY COULDN'T CALL 'IM TIGHT-LACED!"

were last year." Frightened away by the Budget?

Dr. BODE, we hear, objects to RICHARD COCKLE LUCAS's bust being re-named "The Floorer of Dr. Bode."

"Once get a customer's boot off and entertain him with the right sort of patter," says *The Shoe and Leather Record*, "a sale is usually effected if the victim has the required amount of cash on his person." A threat to turn him out into the street with only the one boot on would, we should say, usually do the trick.

Paris, according to *The Express*, is Chantecler mad, and the tradesmen are selling Chantecler hats, Chantecler umbrellas, Chantecler cravats, and even Chantecler socks. There is even talk of a Chantecler play making its appearance soon.

We hear that as the result of the action of certain libraries, a Society for the Protection of Writers of Pernicious Books is to be formed at once. The only troublesome point is the question of the Chairman. There will be no difficulty in selecting a Vice-Chairman.

The KAISER is designing for the members of the Imperial Aero Club a blue uniform with large gold buttons and a peaked cap surmounted by air-ship propellers. The KAISER has always been fond of testing the loyalty of his subjects.

The Art of Indexing.

From Christmas Catalogue of Books: "Country and Gardening: Chats with the Chicks, by Mrs. H. L. Sandford." Author (we trust) of *Half-Hours with the Hens*.

A STRAIGHT ISSUE.

THE peculiar interest which is being taken in the forthcoming General Election has encouraged *Mr. Punch* to send round the country a Special Referendum Commissioner with the view of eliciting answers from the electorate to the plain question—*Are you going to vote for, or against, the Budget? and, if so, why?* From the replies so far received he has selected at random a few specimens for publication. They prove how thoroughly the British Public recognises that for once it has before it a simple, clear and straightforward issue.

I.—WHY I SHALL VOTE FOR THE BUDGET.

1. Because I'm against the Lords for having let so many rotten Bills pass. They want reforming.
2. Because I disapprove of the Budget, but disapprove of my wife still more, she being a Militant Suffragette, and I want to annoy her.
3. Because, though I regard the Super-tax as iniquitous, I have my hopes of being made a Liberal Peer. [Private and confidential.]
4. Because, though the Budget knocks me hard, it knocks my neighbour harder still.
5. Because I've tossed up and it came like that.
6. Because Tariff Reform "means work for all," and I don't want to change the habits of a lifetime. ["Weary Willie."]
7. Because, though the Budget does not actually mention them, I am in favour of Welsh Disestablishment and Home Rule.
8. Because I can't get that Chinese Slavery poster out of my head.
9. Because I hear rumours of ASQUITH's retirement, and I'm an old man and don't want to miss the fun of seeing LLOYD GEORGE and WINSTON fighting over the spoils.
10. Because Beer doesn't agree with me.
11. Because Tobacco makes me sick.
12. Because I have a cure of souls in the neighbourhood of York, where the Archbishop comes from, and he voted for the Budget.
13. Because I consider the Liberal Government much more revolutionary than the Lords, and I love revolutions. ["Red-cap."]
14. Because, though I don't myself think the Budget a good one, I have the most tremendous faith in Mr. URE's passion for Truth. If he says it is so, then it is so.
15. Because all my poor relations in Ireland have an old-age pension a-piece, and not one of them over 55 years of age.
16. Because I want to get the Anglo-German War over as soon as possible, and then we can all settle down comfortably.
17. Because down Limehouse way we look on LLOYD GEORGE as one of us.
18. Because our Tory Member didn't ask me to his last garden-party.
19. Because a man 's a man for a' that.
20. Because I'm in favour of a Single Chamber.
21. Because I voted Tory last time, and I'm a pendulum.
22. Because my chauffeur is a naturalised anarchist and I dare not neutralise his vote.
23. Because I love all foreign nations and would hate to see 'em taxed for our benefit. I call it a beastly selfish policy.
24. Because *Mr. Punch* is obviously against the Budget, and, though I am also against it, I consider that he ought to be impartial.

II.—WHY I SHALL VOTE AGAINST THE BUDGET.

1. Because *Mr. Punch* is obviously in favour of the Budget, and, though I am also in favour of it, I consider that he ought to be impartial.

2. Because I have a living in the diocese of Bristol, and my Bishop voted against the Budget.

3. Because, though I thoroughly approve of the Budget, my wife is a Militant Suffragette, and it is as much as my place is worth to go against her.

4. Because, after I'd subscribed a lot to the Party Funds, ASQUITH refused to make me a Bart.

5. Because my Liberal paper seems to be taking Lord ROSEBURY under its protection, and I always make a point of disapproving of him ever since he won the Derby.

6. Because, if they had had the pluck of a rabbit, the Liberals would have gone for the Lords long ago.

7. Because I am a member of the I.L.P., and we made this Budget, and LLOYD GEORGE annexed it without proper acknowledgment, and so I shall vote against him just for spite.

8. Because of the filthy weather we've been having under this accursed Government.

9. Because, though I am very fond of the Budget, I shall support the Lords for having consulted my views in the matter.

10. Because I'm a PERKS man.

11. Because I'm told that the Lords have "thrown the Constitution into the melting-pot," and this interests me very much, being a plumber.

12. Because our Liberal Member buys his meat at the other butcher's.

13. Because I have eleven daughters of uncertain age and the Budget puts no tax on bachelors.

14. Because I tossed up and it came like that.

15. Because, though the Budget suits me nicely, my wife thinks it best for us to be on the side of the Aristocracy.

16. Because, being an intelligent Liberal, I can't stand the hysterics of *The Daily Chronicle*.

17. Because I'm bored to death with all this lunkum about Backwoodsmen. As if the regular Unionist Peers wouldn't have had a thumping majority without them.

18. Because I voted Liberal last time, and I'm a pendulum.

19. Because the Budget puts no export duty on Wax Busts.

20. Because my Liberal organ says that "the Lords have declared war on the People," and, though I know it isn't true, I rather respect them for it, being a bit of a bull-dog myself.

21. Because, man for man, in point of statesmanship, intelligence, and knowledge of affairs, the pick of the Peers are as good, any day, as the pick of the Commons, notwithstanding their hereditary disadvantages.

22. Because my chauffeur is an admirer of Mr. BALFOUR's philosophic works, and I dare not neutralize his vote.

23. Because I am a plural vote; and the Liberal party, to which I belong, thinks I ought not to use more than one vote. So I shall just vote once for the Budget, and five times against it.

24. Because on principle I disapprove of all Budgets.

O. S.

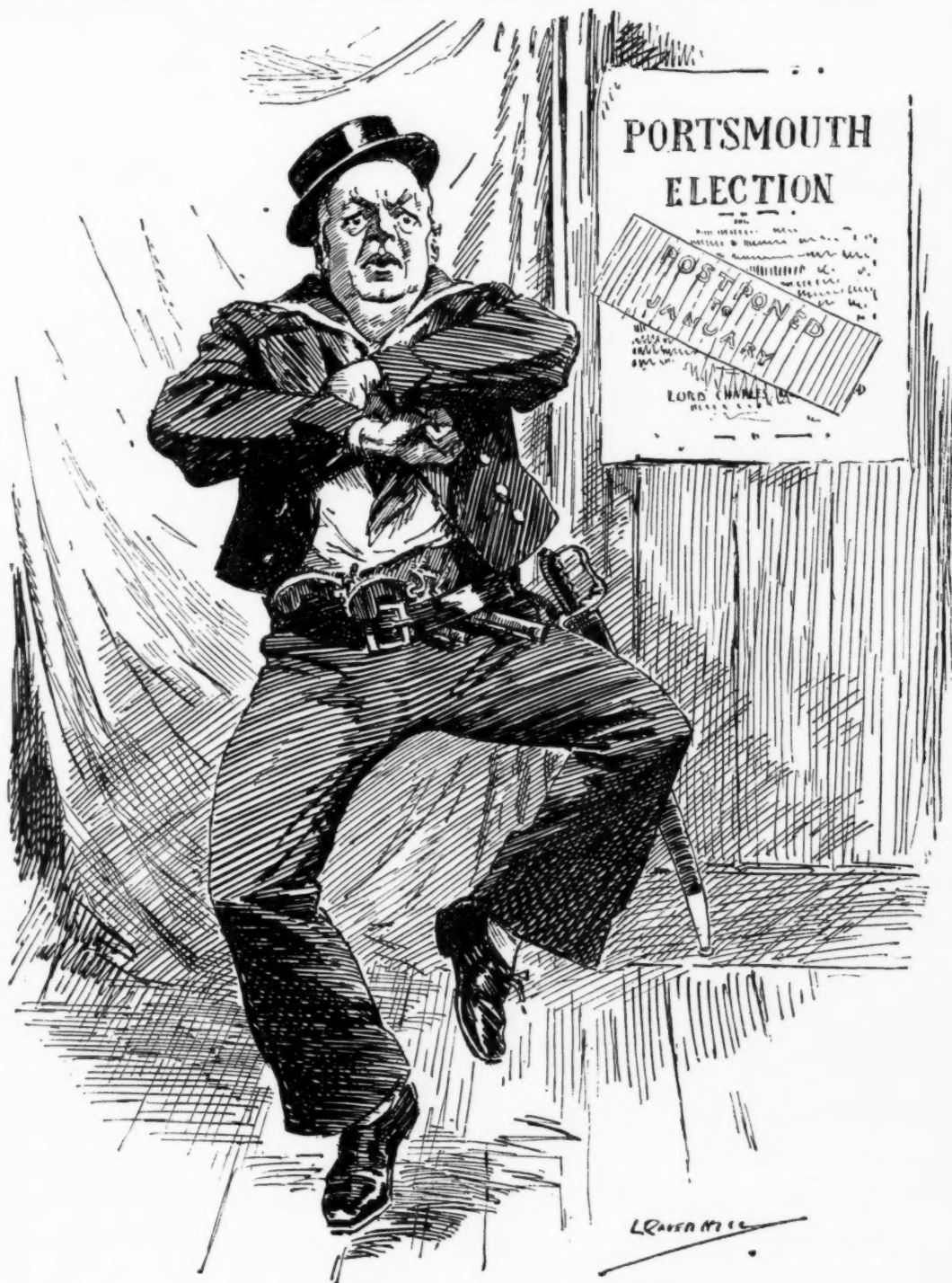
"Clean smart girl wanted as general . . . App'y personally to Lord Nelson, Caistor-on-Sea."—*Eastern Daily Press*.

That as a consequence of the Budget a blameless peer should have had to descend to advertising for a general servant shows us from what a reign of terror the Lords have delivered us.

"By Public Request,
Gilbert and Sullivan's Famous Opera,
'OUR MISS GIBBS.'"

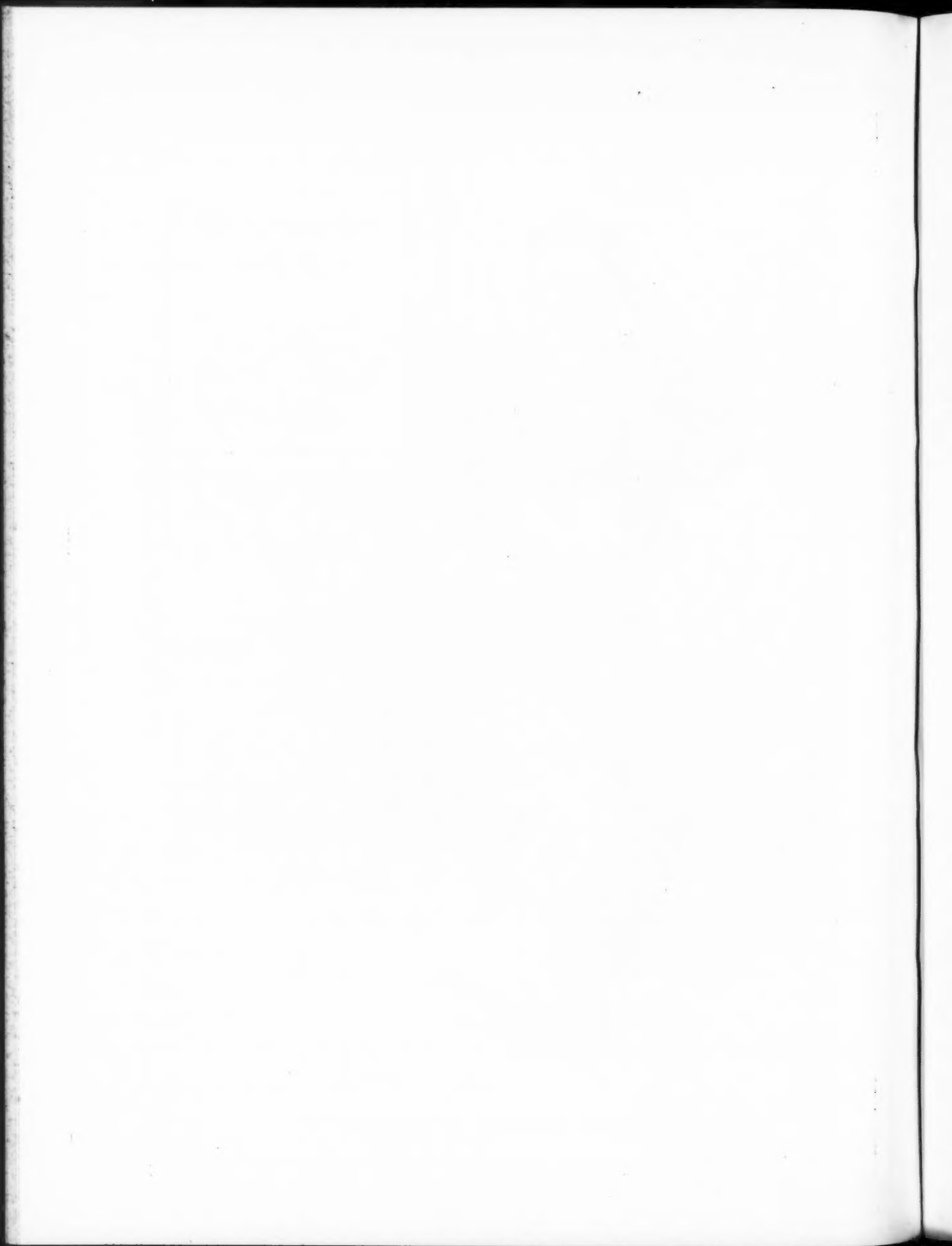
Advt. in "*The Advocate of India*."

Next week IBSEN's masterpiece, *The Whip*.



TWO MONTHS' HARD.

CHARLIE BERESFORD. "ALL VERY WELL DOING THIS SORT OF THING FOR A FEW DAYS, BUT WHEN IT COMES TO WEEKS AND WEEKS AND WEEKS——"





SOCIETIES WE ADMIRE (BUT DO NOT BELONG TO).—No. 5.

THE POOR DUMB ANIMALS' AMUSEMENT LEAGUE.

WOMAN'S WHOLE EXISTENCE.

["There are few housekeepers nowadays who take time to enjoy their linen closet, as did their grandmothers."—*Daily Chronicle*.]

My sisters have a passion
For being up-to-date;
To wear the latest fashion
Is all in all to Kate;
Elaine seems quite unable
To leave the club bridge-table,
While empty-headed Mabel
Does nought but roller-skate.

With weird Maud Allan dances
Godiva charms her set;
The poor deluded Frances
Is now a Suffragette,
And Mary, too, is taking
To whips and window-breaking,
Which rapidly is making
An "Anti" of Annette.

But as for me I'd banish
Such notions far away,
For views so bold and mannish
Inspire me with dismay.
I loathe the noise and din in
The life I find my kin in—
I only want the linen
Of mother's mother's day.

For me there is no rapture
In all the world that beats
The thrill with which I capture
A moth among the sheets.

When, spotless in their places,
I pile my pillow-cases,
Not Youth in Love's embraces,
Knows any sweeter sweets.

In rows of reasoned order
Behold my white domain—
Fair cloths with hem-stitched border,
And borders that are plain;
It makes my heart-strings tingle
To see how bed-spreads mingle
With double sheets, and single,
And snow-white counterpane.

So leave me, safely wedded
To peaceful housewife's rôle,
Ready with needle threaded
To darn the starting hole.
Let me but spend my leisure
Among my laundered treasure,
I ask no giddier pleasure
To satisfy the soul.

WHAT TO DO WITH THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

VARIOUS suggestions have already been made with regard to the future of the great Sydenham glasshouse, one of the most remarkable being that which recommends its conversion into a great aeronautic centre.

In old days, when a great man had rendered conspicuous services to his country, his grateful compatriots were

in the habit of rewarding him by the gift of an estate as well as of a title.

This is a generous practice which might well be revived, and assuredly there never was a greater abundance of eligible tenants for glasshouses.

Already we understand that a movement is on foot for acknowledging the unsparing and long-continued exertions of the LORD ADVOCATE on behalf of social reform. Mr. ANTHONY HOPE, we are informed, has decided to lay the scene of his next and most extravagant excursion into the realm of fiction in the Kingdom of Uritania, and the inhabitants of the canton of Uri—the scene of the exploits of the heroic TELL—are about to send a deputation to congratulate their eponymous hero on his magnificent assertion of the rights of the democracy against their ducal oppressors.

It would, we venture to submit, form a fitting culmination to these graceful tributes if the Crystal Palace were presented to Mr. URE as a residence and recreation ground for that great hierophant of the Higher Political Criticism. The Palace, with a little adaptation, would form a home stately enough to answer the requirements even of so august an occupant, and the grounds might be laid out as a golf course abounding in sporting hazards and presenting every variety of lie.

LETTERS TO A MARTIAN.

MY DEAR SIR,—I quite agree with you that there is in the whole universe no more distasteful and wearisome job than that of canal-building. Still, as you say, one must live, and if you don't build canals you will die for want of moisture—a dreadful fate from which our happy climate in the meantime exempts us. It is good of you to suggest that I should cheer your short periods of leisure by my letters. I'll do my best—no man can do more—but I ought to warn you that we're not always so gay and irresponsible as you seem to think us. We have Budgets and constitutional controversies and riots about female suffrage, and discussions, not easily settled, about the hundred worst books; and there are gloomy and depressing dramas and many thousands of political speeches; and Dr. BONE, of the Berlin Museum, threatens us with war because the late Mr. R. C. LUCAS, a sculptor, inserted two square feet of British bed-quilt in a wax bust which he modelled some sixty years ago with the plain and dastardly intention of deceiving German connoisseurs into the belief that LEONARDO DA VINCI had had a hand—possibly two hands—in its manufacture. All these matters afflict us strangely, so that we might occasionally come to look upon canal-building as an agreeable dissipation; but, when all is said and done, we do manage to have our lighter moments.

I wonder if I might tell you something about women? You've heard about them, of course, those stern, logical, silent directors of our welfare. When the French, more than a hundred years ago, wanted to embody the abstract idea of Reason, they naturally chose a woman, and they put her triumphally in a car and dance! and shouted round her, calling her a goddess. What else could they have done? I mention this little historical incident merely to show you with what awe and respect we encompass the sex, and how worshipfully we treat it. Bless you, my dear Sir, we men know our own wretched qualities well enough. We strive in vain to better them, and of course we never fail to recognise how immeasurably those qualities are bettered by the companionship and example of women.

Have you ever seen two or three women at tea together and endeavouring to say good-bye and to part from one another? No, of course you haven't—it was an idle question. I'll wager that when your people have seen enough of one another you just shake hands or rub noses or execute a gambade (pardon me if I misdescribe your valedictory symptoms), and so make an end quickly and separate. That's how we do it, too, we men, I mean; but if you think that's how the women do it, you're very much mistaken. Let me try to give you a specimen in brief.

You are to imagine, then, that four ladies have come together for the sole purpose of settling the date and the agenda for the annual meeting of the Women's Clothing Guild, a parochial institution of the committee of which they are members. They have been having tea, for the afternoon

is well advanced, and they have been discussing almost every subject except the particular one that brought them together. A mere man, a transient embarrassed phantom, has flitted uneasily across the scene, but he has now vanished on the plea of work or letters, and the ladies have the drawing-room to themselves:—

Hostess. I never saw anything like it before. Diamonds, you know, about half-a-dozen of them, in the middle of the day, and a great blazing ruby thing dangling from her neck. She really is, you know, isn't she?

First Guest. Yes, she is. You've hit her off exactly. That woman's a public scandal—No more tea, thank you. Well then, just the teeniest half cup: one lump—and the extraordinary thing is that all the men run after her. I've told John that, if I see him so much as nod to her, I'll put him on half rations. She's like a woman I read about in a book the other day called *Love the Wayfarer*. Now that's a book if you like.



THE VOGUE OF THE PICTURE VEILS.

He. "Who's THAT IN THE VIRGINIA CREEPER?"

She. "THAT'S ANGELA."

He. "NONSENSE! WHY, SHE TOLD ME SHE WAS COMING IN COPPER BEECH."

Second Guest. Isn't it! I think the Vicar's wife—I forget her name—is just a perfectly splendid character: family prayers twice a day and ten children to bring up on £300 a year. It's too touching for anything.

Third Guest. I don't care for these very good people in books myself. And, by the way—though I can't imagine what put me in mind of her—has anybody seen Mrs. Porter lately?

The Hostess. Well, you can't help seeing her hat, anyhow. It's the most awful hat in the world.

Third Guest. My dear, if she were only half as respectable as her hat I shouldn't have anything to say. Haven't you heard about her?

The Rest (in chorus). No, do tell us!

[I omit the details of Mrs. Porter's career.

The Hostess. I always knew there was something wrong about that woman.

The Rest (together). So did I.

[At this point the guests, and lastly the hostess, rise in a slow and lingering succession and then stand still aimlessly.

First Guest. Well, I'm afraid I shall have to be going now. It's John's time for getting home, and—

Second Guest. My dear, I always told you you spoilt that man. You never get anything out of a man if you pamper him.

Third Guest. I must get home too. I'm really much too late already.

Hostess. Why are you all in such a hurry? Do sit down again. Well, if you must you must.

[They do not move.

First Guest. I'd all but forgotten the one thing I wanted to say. You know the Concert some of us have been getting up? Well, my tenor has cried off—flu or something—and left me in an awful hole.

[They discuss this for ten minutes more, all standing, until at last the three guests squeeze themselves reluctantly out of the door, and the hostess is left alone.



The Vicar. "NOW, CHILDREN, WHAT IS A FALSE DOCTRINE?"

Inspired Maiden. "PLEASE, SIR, BAD MEDICINE."

Hostess (suddenly to herself). Good gracious! We've never settled about the Guild!

[She dashes after them and shouts, but they are too far gone, and only silence answers her.]

There, my dear Sir, is a fairly accurate picture drawn from the life. Some day I may give you one or two more.
Yours in space, AN EARTH-WORM.

THE DARK SIDE OF THE DRAMA.

["We ask why we, alone among British subjects, are to be allowed to exercise our profession only on the impossible condition that we hurt nobody's feelings."—Extract from letter to the Press on the Censorship Committee's recommendations, signed by the Dramatic Committee of the Society of Authors.]

You who would envy the dramatist's lot
Cherish this feeling no more, but dispel it on
Being informed that his cupboard has got
Quite an unusual skeleton.

Mark him as, flushed with success, or perhaps
Wearing excitement's peculiar pallor, he
Stammers his thanks for the cheers and the claps
Lavished by stalls and by gallery.

Seeing him thus, you'd suppose he enjoyed
Life with an almost unvarying cheeriness;
Yet with one grief is his pleasure alloyed,
Turning his triumph to weariness.

Others have licence to utter their mind,
Wielding a pen that is ruthlessly critical;
Now and again to say something unkind
Even of leaders political;

He, he alone, in this land of the free,
Forced to compose with meticulous nicety,
Wishing, like Balaam, to curse, must agree
Meekly to say *Benedicite!*

Is he just itching to serve it up hot?
Yet, like a parasite born or a cringer bred,
He must "hurt nobody's feelings—" that's what
Takes all the guilt off the gingerbread.

Couched upon roses, he feels but the thorns.
Must, then, his tongue never show its uncivil edge?
Must he alone spare his fellow-man's corns?
Dramatists, strike for your privilege!

A contemporary quotes the following from *Life*:—

"It may be all right for a man to wear padded shoulders, if he doesn't forget, and pick a quarrel with a man who was born that way." But are men born with padded shoulders? "*Nascitur non fit*," says the poet.

"There was no money in the safe, and the burglars had to retire bootless."—*Daily Record*.

The necessity for removing the footwear before retiring will be explained in our next instalment.

BOOKS FOR THE BILLION.

A BULKY OUTPUTTER.
(Special.)

SOME years ago one of Mr. A. Leveson Tiles's admirers made an interesting calculation as to the bulk of his output and the measurement of paper and ink used in its production. The figures relating to one series alone were truly momentous. It was found that if these volumes were placed flat one upon another they would form a monument nearly one thousand times the height of Greeba Castle, the loftiest private house in the world; that the paper used in their production, if made into big sheets, would suffice to wrap up the Himalayas, the Andes and the Cordilleras in separate parcels; and that the printer's ink employed would suffice to fill the Caspian Sea ten times over.

Since that day more than three hundred new books have emanated from the prolific pen of Mr. Tiles, and at the present day there are nearly one hundred pages in the British Museum Catalogue filled with entries under his name.

Messrs. Mark Marmion & Co., Mr. Tiles's present publishers, are now issuing a New Series of Glory Books for Boys and Girls.

FOR THE HOME AND THE PLATFORM.

BALLADS OF BRAVE BANTLINGS.—Edited by Albert Leveson Tiles. Large crown 8vo, red limp lambskin, 1s. net; crimson crash, 1s. 6d. net; paste grain gilt (boxed), 3s. net; Persian yapp, gilt top (boxed), 4s. net; pink porpoise hide, with luminous paint top (oxidised corners) and differential gear, 10s. net.

Ballads of Brave Bantlings is a fearless budget of poems suitable for recitation in kindergartens, crèches, &c., while the binding renders it peculiarly well adapted for all gatherings of a festive and yappy character. It aims at celebrating the intrepidity of infants as shown in the pages of history, on the field of battle, in the fight for the franchise, the cause of freedom and the service of humanity.

"There is no better volume of recitations with chits and counterchits for their theme."—MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

"*Ballads of Brave Bantlings* has converted me to Baby suffrage."—MR. JAMES DOUGLAS.

"I estimate that if you sell twenty million copies of your new book, your output will then exceed that of the authoress of *East Lynne*."—THE EDITOR OF *The Statist*.

"Mr. Leveson Tiles is the finest outputter in existence."—*Golf Illustrated*.

"The prolificacy of Mr. Tiles is truly magnificent. Frankly, he is the Lope de Vega of the nursery."—*Daily Chronicle*.

THE KID REVIVER.—Stimulating short stories for backward brats, including valuable copyright and other pieces by COULSON KERNAHAN, G. B. BURGIN, HENRY JAMES, DANTE, ALFRED AUSTIN, and other Wits, Humorists and Laugh-compellers. In crown 8vo, Chinese chow yapp, glacé top with bevelled edges and reciprocating Pasteurized book-marker, 5s. net.

"No sane boy and few sane men could fail to be more nobly demented after reading this intoxicating *olla podrida*."—*Morning Leader*.

"Mr. Tiles has achieved the difficult task of exactly meeting the crying need for good, witty, sparkling but withal refined pabulum for the mind of the ingenuous youth."—COUNTESS SCHLICK.

"To describe the new house one feels the need of the advertising agent, but to say that the window frontage is a vision of loveliness to the woman of any and every grade of society is to speak with only meagre justice."—*The Westminster Gazette*.

But what need of an advertising agent when articles like this (in praise of a certain shop) appear in the news columns? And, by the way, isn't this what Mr. GEORGE EDWARDS wanted?

"He holds a record for the bow and arrow, having at the national meeting in France, to the amazement of the assembled archers shot an arrow thirty-six yards—no less than twenty-seven yards further than the longest shot ever known to have been made by an Englishman." *Ideas*.

We can but faintly imagine the scene. The orgy of enthusiasm which celebrated the occasion of the previous record of nine yards must have been completely outdone.

"Wasn't it Macaulay who wrote:—
Lives there a man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
Returning from some foreign strand:
'This is my own, my native land?'"

So ends the patriotic and impressive outburst (several pages long) of a South African tradesman who wants to get an air rifle off his hands. The answer is "No."

Advertisement of a vacancy for a teacher:

"The post is resident and the salary offered from £40 (FORTY POUNDS) per annum, with Laundry expenses according to qualifications and experience of a candidate." B.A.'s are allowed as much as three collars a week.

"Wanted an instructor or instructress capable of teaching the English language without impoverishing it with the usual solecisms and unintelligible jumble of French words. No English need apply. Germans preferred." *Advt. in French paper*.

Another ruined industry.

NEW BUDGET PROPOSALS.

THERE is not a man in this country, excepting such as are happily penniless, who is not sick and tired of Budgets. It is not that people object to pay; the trouble is caused by the Government choosing how and when payment shall be made, instead of leaving it to the discretion of the individual.

Why should not the country be financed by voluntary contributions? Everybody would then be happy: the man who did not care to pay on beer and tobacco could pay on what he liked—or, rather, on what he didn't like—and the black stain of income-tax perjury would be removed for ever from the country's escutcheon, if there is such a thing.

In the front of every house a securely locked money-box should be fixed. Any householder or lodger or other responsible citizen not contributing to the box with decent frequency would, of course, be liable to criticism by his neighbours. Indeed, public opinion would quickly make the frequent insertion of coin in this box one of the conventions of our land.

The boxes would be cleared periodically by officials who would come round in broad daylight and make no attempt to conceal the contents from the inquiring gaze of the onlookers. Special provision might be arranged for reporters and press photographers on clearing days.

It stands to reason that any man, in the occasional moments of unusual joy that come to the average person—such as a discovery that the gas-meter has been registering to the detriment of the company—would be more inclined to rush out to his Budget box and slip in a shilling, out of sheer gratitude, than to work out the figures on his tax paper and (failing to make them wrong) write a cheque in cold blood.

Sufficient guarantee that the funds forthcoming would be adequate surely lies in the oft-repeated assertion of the tax-payer that he does not mind paying his share towards the nation's expenses, provided he can pay in the way he likes best.

Finally, it must be remembered that this is supposed to be a free country, where even the notion of compulsory service in defence of our homes sends a cold shudder down the backs of the Sons of Liberty. Why not be consistent, and bring both taxes and rates into line with the admirable voluntary system which makes our Army what it is?

"The Czar while proceeding to Italy will avoid Australia."—*Beira Post*.
He will have to be careful, though.

WHY READ AT ALL?

FOR BUSY MEN.—THE WORLD'S GREATEST AUTHORS TAKEN IN AT A GLANCE.—I. Mr. HALL CAINE.



CHILDHOOD. THE FAVOURED ISLE.



THE PARTING.



SETTLING DOWN TO WORK.



THE RECOGNITION.



THE RESCUE.



THE RETURN. KISMET.



Basil. "MUMMY, TELL US A STORY ABOUT FAIRIES AND WITCHES AND IMPS."

Mother. "THERE WAS ONCE A LITTLE IMP AND ITS NAME WAS BASIL."

Basil. "PERHAPS YOU'D BETTER KEEP TO WITCHES AND FAIRIES."

SCORN NOT THE BARD.

SCORN not the bard. There is a folk
That treats him as a kind of joke,
A weak and tepid card,
The strong man's mocking and a shame;
He may be that, but, all the same,
Scorn not the bard.

The flowing mane that you resent
Is there for use, not ornament,
To help him in his song;
When gravelled in his dire employ,
A handy tress wherewith to toy
Gets him along.

His taste for turning things about
And wrong way on and inside out,
Is not to be denied;
An irritating trick, I grant;
But, as to helping it, he can't!
You've never tried.

It is the painful truth that he
Is prone to warble of the sea,
And overapt to cling
For ever to some hackneyed tune
Of ladies' eyebrows and the Moon,
Of Love, and Spring.

But, tho' his scheme is bound to pall,
Let us be candid. After all,
This is no fault of his;
However hard it be to stand,
The man must sing of something, and
It's all there is!

You argue that you don't see why.
To tell the truth, no more do I!
I only know it's true;
Indeed, at such a point we touch
On things too deep for me and much
Too deep for you.

Fate has inscrutably decreed
The presence of the poet's breed
In every time and state;
He is the fruit of Fortune's whim;
If you dislike it, don't blame him;
Go and blame Fate.

E'en you, I take it, don't suppose
That he deliberately chose
To tend his homely trade;
It's that that comes so bitter hard—
Poor beggar, he was *born* a bard!
He wasn't made.

Then, readers, far from showing scorn,
Remember that you both were born
Alike of common clay;
For you are you by Nature's laws:—
The bard is but a bard because
He's built that way. DUM-DUM.

R. I. P.

An acute French traveller wandering
observantly through England once re-
marked that every town seemed to have
several men named Job Masters, and he
wondered that no confusion resulted.
Alas, a time has come or is about to

come when no traveller, French or
otherwise, will ever say this again. For
Job Masters is dead. The game is up.
Where once was his stable is now a
garage; where once was his horse is
now an internal combustion engine;
where once was his "fly" (strange but
cherished misnomer!) is now a motor
car. The end may not be quite yet,
but it draws near and nearer every
moment. And being so near, and this
being an age of haste and anticipation,
let his epitaph be written:—

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF POOR JOB MASTERS,

Who, patient as his great namesake,
waited steadily to be employed,
on no nourishment but a straw.
He was always ready to drive anybody anywhere,
in rain or shine, heat or cold.
His horses were old and his carriages
were older,
but they were all we could get
and we had to put up
with them.
His watchwords were Livery and Bait,
and he will be sadly missed.
His end was Petrol.

What an irony of circumstance it will
be if, when the melancholy day arrives,
Job Masters has a motor funeral!

Commercial Candour.

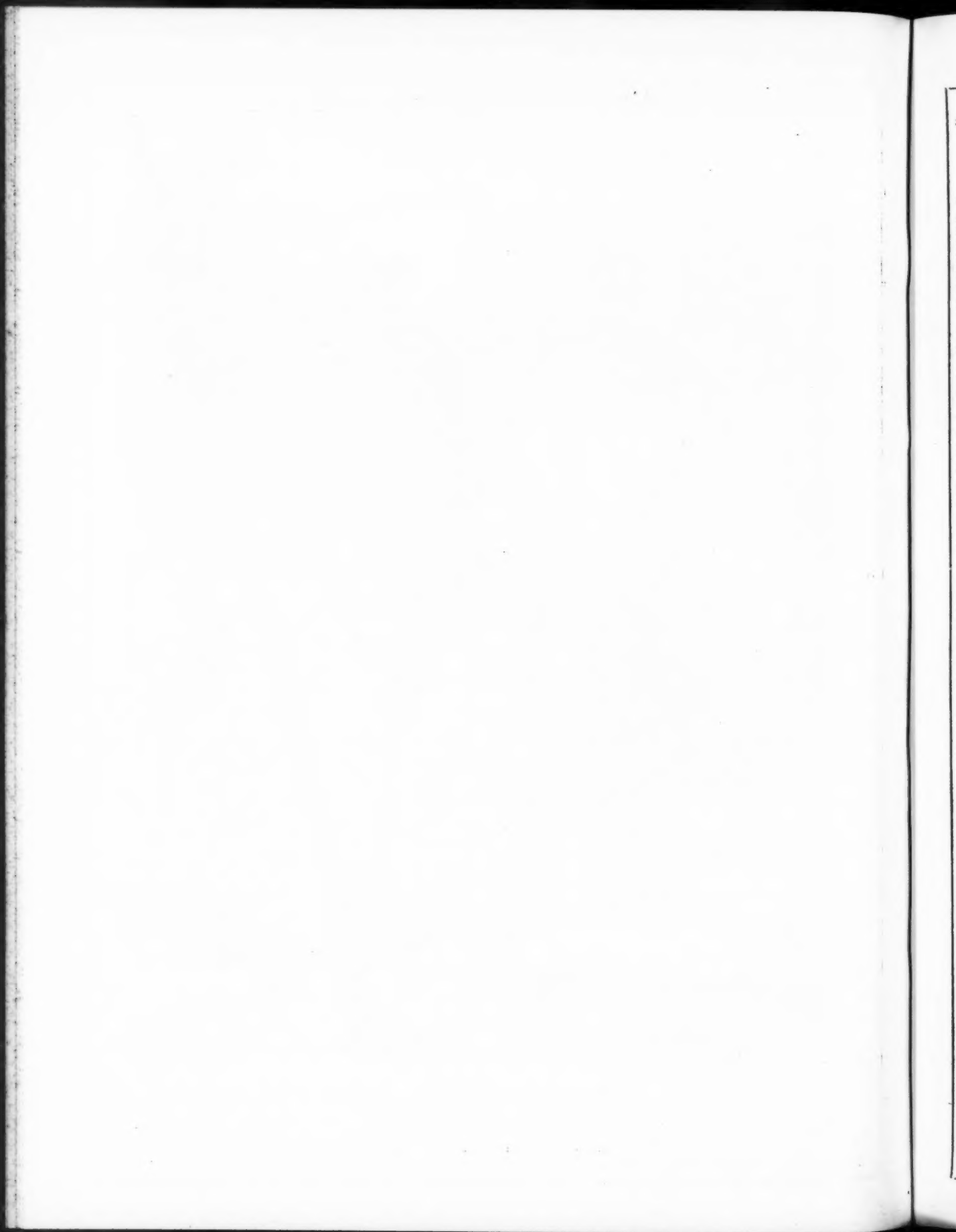
From a bootmaker's advertisement:
"8 YEARS' WEAR! 12 HOURS' EASE!"



THE ORDEAL BY FIRE.

DAME ASQUITH. "HERE, I SAY, YOU'RE COOKING MY PET BIRD!"

LANSDOWNE. "WELL, MUM, IF HE'S THE PHOENIX YOU MAKE HIM OUT TO BE, THAT WON'T HURT HIM. HE'LL RISE FROM HIS ASHES."



ESSENCE OF PARLIAMENT.

EXTRACTED FROM THE DIARY OF TOBY, M.P.

House of Lords, Monday, November 29.

—Two fine speeches to-night, akin inasmuch that each was grievously handicapped by deplorable infirmity of acoustical properties of Chamber. Difficult for audience to follow at full length some eloquent passages in Lord MORLEY'S stately oration. Lord JAMES in this respect even less successful.

Enough caught to make it clear JAMES was taking another important step in a career which reflects pride upon English political life. SARK knew him first thirty-six years ago in House of Commons. He chummed with HARCOURT on Front Bench below Gangway. Mr. G. was still Premier, his mighty majority won at polls in 1868 having faded to nothingness. His enemies were those of his own household. None more artful and active than his two young friends seated below Gangway on his right hand. Indiscipline on part of really capable followers had its not unaccustomed reward. In recess of 1873, following on Prorogation of a Parliament destined never to meet again, HARCOURT was made Attorney-General, HENRY JAMES Solicitor.

Must have been strange experience for HENRY JAMES, speaking to-night amid chilling silence of his later love, once more to win the cheers of representatives of Liberal Party. Temporary severance from men he has worked with for just upon a quarter of a century painful, he admitted. But where honest conviction compels he is inflexible in obeying its impulse. Neither private friendship nor promise of personal aggrandisement influences him.

There was a time, midway in his career, when the greatest prize of his profession was within his grasp. Had he only stood by his old chief when in 1886 Mr. G. unfurled the Home Rule Flag, the Woolsack was his. But, though for HENRY OF NAVARRE Paris may have been worth a Mass, for HENRY JAMES the Lord Chancellorship was worth naught compared with the treasure of an unsullied conscience. While still in the prime of life he deliberately fell out from the race for office. Now, at another critical epoch, conviction forces upon him severance from long-time political friends.

Business done.—LANDSDOWNE'S amendment to Finance Bill further debated.

Tuesday.—At half-past eleven CREWE having made an end of speaking, House presented a scene beheld only half-a-dozen times in half a century. Looking down upon it, one was chiefly struck by the superb reticence of our Old Nobility. Here they were fighting for their legislative lives. Within half-an-hour they would take an irretrievable step fateful to themselves. Yet there was no sign



"DEATH-BED THREATS."

of turbulent emotion, no cheers or counter-cheers, such as would have rung forth in the Commons had analogous provocation presented itself.

Chamber more crowded even than on opening night of debate. Every bench on either side occupied. Late comers stood packed together shoulder to shoulder in the space behind and flanking the Woolsack, just as if they were mere Commoners thronging the Bar. Privy Councillors were wedged in behind the rail that marks off the steps of the Throne. Difficult to say where the throng of upstanding Peers terminated and where the Privy Councillors began. It seemed to be all one crowd.

In the front centre, only partially guarded by the sanctuary of the Woolsack, sat the LORD CHANCELLOR, submerged in the unwonted tide of humanity. But for his full-bottomed wig, a patch of light grey set in the mass of black coats, his presence would not have been recognised.

Round the side galleries, continuing the length of the seldom frequented seats behind the canopy of the Throne, was flung a garland of fair women. For the most part they added colour and brilliance to the scene by the dainty hues of evening dress and the sparkle of diamonds. Some, taking their seats when debate opened at half-past four, still wore their morning dress.

CREWE spoke for an hour and a half. A stern sense of duty led him to review the arguments for and against the Budget Bill. The effort not nearly so effective as his first utterance in the historic debate.

"I beg to move," he then said in response to the voice of the Clerk at the Table who, citing the Order of Business, remarked "Finance Bill; second reading."

What was the use at this time of night, or indeed at any time during the past nine days, of defending the Budget in detail? It was stillborn when laid on the Table of the House; the sooner it was buried the sooner to sleep. Happily, if the first hour of CREWE'S harangue was undeniably dull, the last half-hour made amends by its polished irony. The half-hour would have amply sufficed.

A murmur of applause from the back benches followed his sitting down. LORD CHANCELLOR putting the question for the Second Reading of Budget Bill in curiously business voice, a faint cry of "Content!" rose on his right.

"Those that are of the contrary opinion say 'Not content!'"

There was nothing approaching a roar from the serried ranks of the Opposition 350 strong. Still there was no doubt the Non-contents had it, and the LORD CHANCELLOR, not mincing matters, said so.

In the Commons, when division takes place upon motion made from Treasury Bench, SPEAKER invariably declares that "the Ayes have it." In this respect the Lords have the advantage in the matter of admission of actual fact.

Odds overwhelmingly against the Bill. The forlorn hope gallantly led by CREWE resolved to die fighting. Division challenged, the crowd slowly moved towards the Bar that gave exit to the No lobby. So dense was the throng it seemed it would never squeeze through. But no one was in a hurry. Those behind refrained from crying "Forward!" Those in front were too well bred to cry "Back!"

The faithful few supporting the Government kept their seats for fully ten minutes after the opposing host began to melt away by the Bar. Why



"I am not aware that these abstract resolutions encourage anybody, and I am sure they do not frighten anybody."

should they hurry? There was room and to spare in the Aye Lobby, through which they would presently stroll at leisure.

The Primate, quitting his corner seat below the Gangway, turned sharp to the left; looked as if he were going out to swell the scanty numbers supporting the Second Reading. Halting by steps of Throne, he took sanctuary within neutral quarter. Finding at hand the familiar rail reminiscent of the altar enclosure in another place, he laid his hands upon it and regarded the moving scene. As he stood there, with gold cross gleaming on his white robe, he looked as if he were about to say a few words to his dearly beloved brethren. He refrained, and from this coign of vantage heard the figures of the Division announced—For the Second Reading, 75; against, 350.

So the Budget upon which the Commons spent seven months' hard labour finally sank into the abyss. No shout of triumph rose from the victorious host; no groan of despair testified to the colour of the defeated. Just a buzz of conversation as Noble Lords, unused to the exercise, tried to work out in mental arithmetic the little sum setting forth the precise majority.

The day's work was done; midnight boomed from Big Ben; thing was to go off home to bed; which Noble Lords proceeded to do.

Business done.—The Budget's.

House of Commons, Thursday.—On Tuesday Lords flung down gauntlet. This afternoon Commons pick it up, amid outbreak of enthusiasm in Minis-

terial camp unprecedented during existence of present House.

Great muster of Members, overflowing into side galleries. Strangers throng benches allotted to them, some sitting in couples on Gangway steps. Peers crowd their gallery, sitting silent, apparently unabashed whilst PREMIER utters a few plain words on their recent conduct.

Nearly two-score Questions on Paper. Put and answered amid buzz of animated conversation that made their purport unintelligible. Presently a rousing cheer burst forth. Members below Gangway on Ministerial side sprang to their feet waving hands and hats. It was a greeting to ASQUITH entering blushing from behind SPEAKER'S Chair.

A moment later another cheer from benches opposite heralded the approach of PRINCE ARTHUR. The champions must have encountered each other at the private entrance behind the Chair. Probably halted to talk for a moment about the weather.

At ten minutes past three PREMIER discovered standing at Table. Again a storm of cheering rose and fell. Opening sentences indicated fine fighting form. Speaking in louder tone than customary, with added deliberation, he drove home the charge embodied in the Resolution he was about to submit, "That the action of the House of Lords in refusing to pass into law the financial provisions of this House for the service of the year is a breach of the Constitution and a usurpation of the rights of the Commons."

Salvos of cheering punctuated his sentences. They reverberated from all sections of Ministerialists. For once British Liberals, Labour Members, and Irish Nationalists are united against a common enemy, represented by the quiet-looking, evidently amiable gentlemen seated in the Peers' Gallery,



MR. HAROLD COX LISTENS TO THE OLD, OLD STORY.



MR. BALFOUR'S SPEECH HAS A DISASTROUS EFFECT ON MR. KEIR HARDIE'S LEFT LEG.

presently to be butchered to make a Socialist holiday.

PRINCE ARTHUR's appearance on scene an agreeable surprise for both sides. Reported he would not be able to leave the room to which for some days he has been confined by sickness. But if there is fighting to the fore he is not the kind of man to keep out of the front line. So he came, and if his speech fell below the level at which it invariably flows the House recognised the cause and sympathised with the plucky sick man accordingly.

Business done.—Resolution vindicating Privilege of Commons carried by 349 against 134.

Friday.—Prorogation preliminary to Dissolution.

A Bridge Problem in *The Westminster Gazette*:

"Y deals and leaves it to Z who declares hearts. . . . Z's (dummy's) hand was: Hearts, 5, 4, 3 . . ."

The great question is whether Y, having executed justice upon his partner, may plead the unwritten law.

"A small piece, rather indistinct in form and colour, as the name, 'Reflets sur Peau,' indicates, by Debussy, completed the programme."

It sounds even more indistinct than DEBUSSY'S "Reflets sur l'eau."

"Mr. Pound still hugs his affectations. . . . We are afraid, however, that affectation will overwhelm everything else in the long run unless Mr. Pound beware."—*Evening Standard*. The writer should keep on bewareing too.



QUESTIONS FOR THE "BOOK OF ETIQUETTE."

WHEN A DISTINGUISHED FOREIGNER, WHO IS YOUR GUEST, AFTER HAVING PEPPERED A BEATER, KILLED YOUR FAVOURITE DOG, AND NEARLY SHOT YOURSELF, CLAIMS ALL YOUR BIRDS, AND PROCEEDS TO GATHER THEM—WHAT (WITHOUT TRANSGRESSING THE LAWS OF HOSPITALITY) SHOULD YOU DO NEXT?

THE 9.43 A.M.

"The bathroom pipe is leaking again," said the business man's wife at breakfast; "I wish, dear, you'd call at the plumber's on your way to the station." The business man glanced at the clock. He caught the 9.43 every morning. It was now 9.20, and the plumber's was not on his way to the station, but two hundred yards further on; still, the business man had only been married three months, so he smiled and nodded and said he should have to run for it.

Old Mr. Jones from lower down the road saw him shoot by as he came out of his gate. Mr. Jones was also on his way to the small suburban station. He also travelled by the 9.43, and he became troubled. He looked at his watch but distrusted it, and remembered all the watchmaker had said when he (Mr. Jones) recently declined to believe it wanted cleaning. Mr. Jones was a portly person, but he had a passion for punctuality, and he began to run. It was his rule, and he never broke it, to give the crossing-sweeper at the corner

a penny every morning, and to-day in his hurry he gave him half-a-crown by mistake.

When young Robinson, also bound for the 9.43, saw Mr. Jones running, he knew the old gentleman would not risk apoplexy or an aneurism if there were any time to spare. So gripping his pipe in the corner of his mouth he started after his puffing leader at a young gallop. Taking the corner at a sharp angle he collided with the butcher coming for morning orders. His pipe shot out of his mouth with the impact and broke in fragments on the pavement. It was a nicely coloured meerschaum. Its owner glanced at the wreck, and ran on, his empty lips gibbering.

Thirty seconds later, Mr. Brown, a pasty-faced stockbroker with a permanent frown, turned into the station road and saw young Robinson, his daily travelling companion, sprinting for the train. The sight deepened the furrow on the stockbroker's brow, and he debated how the leakage of time could have occurred. It must have been either when he broke his bootlace, or when his

wife had asked him for a cheque and would not take "No" for an answer. In any case he started jogging, though he felt seedier than usual that morning, and jogging was particularly painful.

Five other men, all 9.43 *habitués*, saw him running and caught the contagion. Two typewriting girls, who always ran when the men ran, formed the tail of the procession, and scuttled gasping on to the platform clutching their sides and their large wobbling head-gear.

When the business man walked calmly on to the platform at 9.42½ he wondered why everybody was out of breath.

A lady having ordered *Paris Fashions* over the telephone, received the following answer by post:—

"Madam, with reference to your order for 'Tariff Passion,' the Chief Office advise me they are unable to hear of this work, and I should be glad if you could kindly let me have publisher's name and address, and further endeavours will be made to procure."

The book should be written at once—by, say, VICTORIA CROSS and Mr. F. E. SMITH.

AT THE PLAY.

I.—"THE HOUSE OPPOSITE."

"MURDERS," said pretty *Mrs. Calthorpe* in the Second Act, catching my eye across the footlights, "are committed for various reasons, but four-fifths of them, I believe, from sheer boredom."



"REPENTANCE AT LEISURE" (IN FACT THROUGH THREE ACTS).

Richard Cardyne Mr. H. B. IRVING.
Mrs. Rivers Miss EVA MOORE.

Whereat I smiled sheepishly, put back my pocket-knife and gave up wondering how to get at them over the orchestra. Obviously I was discovered

The story of *The House Opposite* is a well-known one. *Richard Cardyne* sees from *Mrs. Rivers'* room, at 2.30 A.M., the figure of a dark and sinister man lit up in the window across the street. The man carries a dagger, and *Cardyne*, watching him steal into the best bedroom with it, comments, "Odd, very odd." Some people would have thought even more of it. On the same afternoon the Permanent Under-Secretary of the Home Department (whose job I had never properly understood before) consults the *Right Hon. Henry Rivers* (ex-Home Secretary) about a knotty murder which has taken place at the house opposite in the early hours of the morning. *Cardyne* is calling too, and when he hears that an aged housekeeper, *Ann Carey*, has been arrested on suspicion, he realises that he has dropped right into the middle of a Hard Case. He cannot give evidence that the murderer was a man without also giving evidence that *Mrs. Rivers* is an unfaithful wife. What shall *R. C.* do?

Richard was a bad man, but he drew the line at letting an innocent woman die. He decides to wait until the last possible moment—that is, until *Ann*

Carey has been condemned to death and the petition for her reprieve has been refused—and then to reveal what he saw through the window. He waits, in fact, ten weeks; and if *Mrs. Rivers*, whose emotions we are allowed to witness, suffered a good deal in that time, I think it may safely be said that *Ann Carey*, whom we never saw at all, suffered even more. However, it is only at actual death that *Richard* draws the line. Well, the last day having arrived, *Cardyne* and *Mrs. Rivers* prepare to intervene. It is arranged that the latter shall first tell everything to her husband. The *Right Hon. Henry Rivers, K.C., M.P.*, is very busy with his evening paper when his wife begins her confession, and at the end of it he looks up and apologises: "I'm sorry, dear; what were you saying?" Just as she is about to tell him again, he drops his paper and says casually that, by the way, if he might interrupt a moment, and knowing how interested she had been, the real murderer at the house opposite has been discovered, and it was a man!

And there you have the final situation. Her own confession was, after all, unnecessary. Has he heard it? Will she ever know how much he knows? Or will he— But he comes back again for a final word before the curtain descends, and makes it fairly plain (I think) that he has both heard and forgiven.

I have hinted that there were moments of sheer boredom, and when I tell you that this story was spread over four Acts, you will understand. At least three characters were dragged on in order to fill up time; and to one of them, *Mr. Stuart Fillerby*, I owe an apology. *Mr. Fillerby* was a dark young man who defended *Ann Carey* over the tea-cups with great eagerness, saying that he *knew* she was innocent. Well, that looked very suspicious and I really thought then that I had found a clue But no, nothing came of it.

Miss EVA MOORE as *Mrs. Rivers* played a very trying and emotional part in a very able way, but somehow I can never quite believe in her. The evening showed her to be an ideal actress rather than a real Home Secretary's wife. Mr. H. B. IRVING made an excellent *Cardyne*. *Cardyne* had an enormous success with women, but his love-making on the stage to *Mrs. Calthorpe* was (for an established Don Juan) a most inept performance. Yet Mr. IRVING made it seem almost credible. Mr. HERBERT WARING as usual gets all that is to be got out of his part. Only to see him look at his watch on the stage is a joy to me; there is nobody else who can put half as much into this impressive piece of business.

II.—"LITTLE MRS. CUMMIN."

I have been reading what I said in these pages three years ago about *The Eglamore Portraits*, the novel by Mrs. MANN from which RICHARD PRYCE has adapted *Little Mrs. Cummin*. It seems (if I may say so, for want of a second



GETTING HER THINGS TOGETHER.

Mrs. Cummin Miss LOTTIE VENNE.
Clarence Eglamore Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS.

opinion) to have been a remarkably able review.

"*Juliet*," I wrote, "is delightfully drawn; the most lifelike heroine I have ever met." I was right; but not until I had the pleasure of seeing sweet Miss MARIE LÖHR play the part did I realise fully how delightful *Juliet* was.

"*Clarence*," I said, "had a habit of setting his under teeth below his upper"—(of course I was quoting Mrs. MANN. She must see now that it would be absurd to set them *above*)—"and projecting his lower lip when angry. I found myself doing this all through the book with *Clarence*—I suppose one gets into it at last." My doubt was justified; one never gets into it. Mr. KENNETH DOUGLAS, like a wise man, did not do it once last Thursday. I suppose he had discovered the difficulty of it during rehearsals.

"She (*Mrs. MANN*) should not have let the mother-in-law die," I ended. "One has no time to get in the mood for it, hateful though that person was." Ah, but how true that is; for in the new stage version the mother-in-law doesn't die! However, I cannot, I am afraid, claim this as the result of my criticism. It is obviously the result of asking Miss LOTTIE VENNE to play the part of *Juliet's* mother. And shall Miss LOTTIE die? Not for forty thousand Mrs. MANNs, or we'll know the reason why.

Yet my review, I confess modestly, was not flawless—the mistake was in the last sentence. How could I have



Conscientious Patient (to Specialist). "WELL, DOCTOR, I SHOULD NOW LIKE TO COME TO A DISTINCT UNDERSTANDING AS TO FEES. MY SOLE INCOME, I MUST TELL YOU, IS TWENTY-FOUR POUNDS TEN SHILLINGS A YEAR."

called Mrs. Cummin hateful? Exasperating she was, certainly. That she nearly broke up Clarence's happy home I admit. But no one who has had the joy of seeing Miss VENNE play the mother-in-law will call her hateful.

All young couples should go to the Playhouse to see this jolly little farce of newly-married life. And old persons and single persons may go too—to see some extremely good acting, not only from the delightful people I have mentioned already, but also from the six other players in the cast.

The Visit (by the same authors) preceded *Little Mrs. Cummin*. It is a pathetic story, intentionally full of farcical moments, and some of us didn't quite know whether we were supposed to laugh at them or not. I think perhaps it is better to keep the laughter for the later piece. You don't want to grow too fat.

M.

What they do with our little ones.

"The committee decided to permanently amalgamate the children from Cove to Bolham daily in a van."—*Western Morning News*.

HOW A HERO DINED.

(With acknowledgments to "The Daily News.")

THE Budget was being assassinated. But how did its outraged author fare on that momentous evening? I will tell you. Whilst the massacre was in progress he was sitting quietly in an ordinary Strand restaurant, where I had the inestimable good fortune (owing to the fact that the seat opposite to him was vacant) of being his *vis-à-vis* at dinner. I could not take my eyes off the man: I was fascinated. I thought of the great heroes of history. I thought of JULIUS CÆSAR, of HANNIBAL, of NAPOLEON BONAPARTE. He had a companion, to whom he spoke. His every gesture seemed eloquent. He is a typical Celt. I noticed that he took sauce with his fish and crumbled his bread ever so lightly with his left hand. His eyes flashed fire, his long hair covered his collar (its size I could not gauge) at the back. I thought of BYRON, of SHELLEY, of ST. FRANCIS OF ASSISI, of CONFUCIUS, of YOSHIDA TORAJIRO.

The fish passed, and he came to the meat. He had no evening wear, but was quietly, plainly dressed, a man of the people, without characteristic eccentricities, unadorned by rings or other fopperies of elegance. He took salt: he sipped his wine. And meanwhile the Budget was being done to death in cold blood. Yet there was nothing to indicate in his manner the tremendous issues for him and for England that were about to be decided.

And now the meal was over: he lit a cigar, he called for the waiter, he paid his bill. He was gone. And thus lived the man on the night of the Lords' great act of treason to British liberty. I thought of JEREMIAH, of AMOS, of MAHER-SHALAL-HASHBAZ. Almost mechanically I gathered up some of the spent crumbs from his plate, put them in my vest pocket, and passed out into the night.

"It was a Russian translation of Duma's 'La Dame aux Camélias.'"—*Evening News*.

So that's how the Russian Duma amuses itself.

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks.)

The Letters of John Stuart Blackie (BLACKWOOD), addressed to his wife and edited by his nephew, ARCHIBALD STODART WALKER, make delightful reading. One is admitted to the intimacy of a brilliant mind confiding its impressions on daily life to a sympathetic companion. The letters have all the breezy frankness that marked BLACKIE'S conversation, and occasionally disconcerted individuals among the company favoured by it. He came in touch with most of the leading lights in Literature, Politics and Scholarship illuminating the last half of the nineteenth century. GLADSTONE, the late Duke of ARGYLL, TENNYSON, BREWSTER, JOHN BRIGIT (whom he greatly admired), BROWNING, BUNSEN, CARLYLE, Lord DUFFERIN, Dr. GUTHRIE, HENRY IRVING, JOWETT, KINGLAKE, CHARLES KINGSLEY, LECKY, NORMAN McLEOD, THEODORE MARTIN, Lord ROSEBURY—these are some of his associates, a galaxy which in combination of variety and brilliance it would be difficult to excel. Among many gifts BLACKIE possessed one that enabled him, sometimes in a single sentence—he rarely took more than three—to draw a living picture of a man or woman. The portrait was complete, not only in respect of personal appearance, but also of character and intellect. It is tempting to quote, but the harvest is rich and, regarded as a granary, the Booking-Office is small. The gentle reader is bidden to go a-gleaning for himself. He will not regret the enterprise.

I hesitate to describe *Godfrey Marten, School-boy*, as a classic, lest to certain minds the term should convey an odious suggestion of XENOPHON and CÆSAR (J.); but I may safely say that no book has ever dealt more faithfully with the opening years of public-school life, and that any work from the pen of its delightful author, CHARLES TURLEY, is assured beforehand of a wide welcome amongst boys, young and old. If in *The Minervin Brothers* (NELSON) he has not achieved quite such a *tour de force* as in *Godfrey Marten*, where he succeeded brilliantly in the perilous task of making the school-boy tell his own story, Mr. TURLEY'S hand has lost none of its cunning. There is the same variety of types, the same sense of character, the same fidelity to life. Those who know his work need not be told that he has no use for the rather morbid sentimentality of the little-hero-business which delighted a former generation. It is enough for him to keep our sympathies always unconsciously on the side of whatever makes for the right public-school spirit; beyond that he never moralises. Naturally our interest is strongest in the earlier and more irresponsible period, while these twin brothers were still going through the plastic stages of development; but our attention is held to the end, and that, too, by a story that seldom goes outside every-day life, and only includes such adventures as put no strain upon our

credulity. "Boys," we are told, "will be boys," and certainly I, for one, look to remain in that happy and primitive state as long as CHARLES TURLEY continues to retard the work of Time by that alchemy of which he holds the secret.

There is a Provençal form of wit known as a *galéade*—so I learn from *The Diverting Adventures of Maurin*, translated from the French of M. JEAN AICARD by Mr. ALFRED ALLINSON (LANE)—and its acquaintance is a good thing to make. It involves, in a way, the same kind of notion as pulling a person's leg. One can give a brief instance which suggests something of the idea. The phrase "*nom de pas Dieu*" is a favourite expletive among Provençals who want, so to say, to swear in fun. The negative *pas* neutralises the oath from the moral aspect, but the Devil, who is on the look-out for such lapses, doesn't realise until the words are out of your mouth that you are not really swearing at all, and he finds himself sold. There are a good many more *galéades* in the story of *Maurin*. *Maurin* is one of those happy-go-lucky fellows who know every inch of the countryside, and

can guarantee you fine sport with your gun if you are in their good books; who have a fund of humour mingled with a shrewd commonsense which is valuable to more people than care to own it; who have a rare liking for a bright eye; and who lead the *gendarmérie* the deuce of a dance and yet always come out top-dog because they have everybody's sympathy. To some extent the type is existent in England, but I doubt whether it could ever attain the perfection which it reaches in the atmosphere which M. AICARD reproduces.

In *Airy Nothings* (ELKIN MATHEWS), a

volume as modest in size as in title, JESSIE POPE justifies the many critics who recognised the high claims of her first volume of light verse. Neat and nimble and fluent as ever, she has now gained that command of technique which makes a most difficult art appear as easy as the shelling of peas. A very gentle satirist, her shafts are never barbed, but they always arrive if she wants them to. Among women writers in this kind she still has no rival; and, if the rest of her sex had her sense of humour, I should be tempted to join in the cry of "Votes for Women," knowing full well that we others would be safe in their hands. Meanwhile I commend this little volume to all who can appreciate a clean and pretty wit when they see it; and am glad that these "airy nothings" have been fixed in so pleasant a "habitation."

"Big Ben was tolling the hour of midnight. For hours before that the House of Lords had throbbled with excitement."

"There was none of the excitement which attends a critical division in the House of Commons, but instead an air of stately calm."

When the historian of the future writes about the Great Day, he will be glad to have for his guidance these contemporary extracts, both, by the way, from the same column of *The Daily Mail*.



HOME HOBBIES IN THE MIDDLE AGES.

THE LORD OF FOOTELBURY SHOES HIS OWN CHARGER.